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And Love Shall Die

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I Am What I Am Or Am I?

. . . Jack Zakon

Deep chasm, the abyss of our minds:
Behold the pseudo, the poseur, the coward, the cheat!
Who will not — cannot — see their images;
Never knowing the soothing potion of admission.
Seeing only what they want
And: "How true! How true!"
Desperately afraid of life,
And someday they die . . .
Without having ever met themselves
Or known throbbing Truth.

And Love Shall Die . . .

. . . Albert De Roo Jr.

And love shall die
To rise again within another's heart.
And birds shall fly amongst the multitudes,
And yet alone.
Hopes shall dwindle into dreams
And dreams shall vanish
Nor again be seen,
Until, once more and far away
Within another's heart,
Shall burst into reality,
And shall be seen throughout,
Not lands, but dreams.
But love shall die.